

VOLUME VIII.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1892.

NUMBER 266.

IT'S A DEAR PLACE

A Trip to Spottsylvania Court-house Battle Ground.

DURING THE GREAT REUNION

A Large Delegation Will Renew Their Recollection by an Inspection of the Old Locality.

The battle fields in Virginia as they are today have a very lively interest for veterans scattered all over the country, because upon them the great trial by arms was mainly carried on and decided. A large delegation from the Grand Army of the Republic, which holds its annual convention in Washington September 29, will visit the field of Spottsylvania Court-house, where Grant had his most deadly and terrific struggle. Within a circuit of ten miles from this building 84,000 men were either killed or wounded in battle. It



is no wonder, therefore, that the interest of the native Virginian in the war as a topic of discourse is enduring, transmitted from sire to son and ventilated by all for the entertainment of strangers and transients.

Approaching the courthouse from an easterly direction we soon find ourselves on the edge of the battle field, as evidenced by the first line of earth intrenchments which directly crossed the road and is now distinctly visible, despite the wear and tear of twenty-eight years. This line was the nearest point reached in the attack. It is within a stone's throw of our destination and its view leaves us not sorry to get rid of the desolating monotony of the forest behind.

In a few moments our team halts at the little hamlet or county seat, and we are told: "This is Spottsylvania Court-house." On one side of the road is the "Harris" house, on the other stands the courthouse, a solid old brick building, with pillared portico of the classic colonial style, which appears even handsome amidst so much of lonely woods and deserted clearings. There is a slight haze as of smoke of battle in the distance settled down over the patches of fields overgrown with monster trees which ever way the eye looks.

The courthouse building was peppered with balls, pierced by big projectiles, during the battle, but was afterwards restored. Militarily, however, it was clean out of the circle of real battle operations, as the points from which battles are named generally are found to be.

The tidy little village, to-day so pleasant of aspect, smiling in its flower yards and well stocked gardens, gave all that it could to the deadly conflict that raged around it—a name.

We drive on and enter upon several very historical roads, much smaller in reality than their names on the pages of history, and are glad to find them in good traveling and walking condition. There is a considerable opening of fields immediately around the courthouse, very pretty fair ground for battle; it was "the open" which Gen. Grant was so eager to get into after he got out of the tangle at the Wilderness. Every point on our road now draws attention.

Each field or timber belt yields up its reminiscences and the whole surrounding is again made familiar.

Many of the fields upon which the fighting occurred bear the names of those who owned them in 1864, and



some of the houses are still in the possession of the same parties. "Abcop's," "Perry's," "Spindler's" farms, and "Rever's," "Landron's," "Harrison's" houses are all present and accounted for, and the most famous of all, the "McCool" house, center of the Civil War fighting, is still in admirable condition, though now dwelt in by another family, the McCools having died off years ago.

Near the Sedgwick monument begin the confronting lines of earth intrenchments held by each army and running for a distance of several miles in a semicircle around the courthouse. They are clearly defined and remarkably well preserved after such a long lapse of time, having been untouched except by wear of weather and time. Along the central portion of these extended lines is an angle, the result of defective military engineering on the part of Lee's subordinates, which was the scene of

of May, and ever since known as the "bloody angle."

Within it is located the McCool house. Its present owner is standing in his yard as we drive up to the house and promptly extends a cordial invitation to enter and be at home on the historical precincts. He is amiable and modest, though knowing full well that his abode is the great attraction of the neighborhood. So many people of all degrees and ranks have called on him that he has grown quite accustomed to giving receptions and entertainments.

Seated as we are on the porch and peering down under the big trees, the slope is the coolest and most enticing spot in sight. Right on that spot was really "the jaws of death," into which first one side and then the other volleyed and thundered against each other during an entire day. It is well inside of the angle, which is nearly a mile long and half as wide.

A few hundred yards back of the house in which we listen to local accounts and traditions is "the Harrison house," in front of which is a stout line of intrenchment forming the base of the angle. The two sides run north, cross the ravine in front of the McCool house, ascend a slight wooded slope, and a quarter beyond in the open field meet in an apex. The earth intrenchments still plainly outline it, the bits of open ground are about the same, save where they have been slightly altered through the springing up of stout undergrowth. Trees have sprouted and grown out of the earthworks and near them at some points.

In front of the angle's apex the ground is open. It was precisely at this apex, which was the very center of Lee's lines, that Gen. Grant determined to break through.

The Brown and Landron houses, located on open ground of the farms of the same names, and which were strategic points whence the attack was initiated, are nearly as they then were. The Brown field, open, and four hundred yards wide in its narrowest part, connects with the Landron field, in the corner of which is the apex.

In the vicinity of the Brown house Gen. Hancock's corps, which made the assault, was massed at midnight, amid darkness and rain, and formed about two hundred yards from the intrenchments that were to be carried. The direction by which the troops were to advance was ascertained by the compass bearing from the Brown house to the McCool house.

Owing to heavy fog the hour of attack, originally set at 4 a. m., was postponed until there was sufficient light to



REAR HOUSE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

see dimly, or about half an hour later, when the order to advance was given. The troops marched quickly over the field sloping upward to their objective point, and when half way in the open Landron field burst into cheers, swarmed rapidly forward and captured it, along with four thousand prisoners, two generals, twenty cannon and thirty colors.

But then and there the agony began. One side became elated, the other alarmed over the crisis reached. The angle was too vital a point to be given up without a struggle and both armies poured reinforcements into it and fought for its possession during the day at close quarters.

The earthworks, especially at the apex, remain even now self-evident proof of close fighting. They stand double, indicating the great stress which compelled the captors to adopt the offensive and defensive at one and the same time by putting up hastily counterworks contiguous with those already captured. Here the conflict is seen to have been desperate, hand to hand; nothing but piled up logs and mounds separated the combatants. The fighting was so rapid and fierce that the trenches had to be cleared of the dead and horribly mangled in order to get fighting room.

An oak tree, twenty-two inches in diameter, was cut down by musket balls and fell to crush those under it. It stood within six feet of the earthwork. The remaining trunk, splintered and chipped around, was years after dug up by the roots, photographed and removed to a museum as a curious memento.

The large hole in the ground which held this tree is still pointed out to visitors bent on inquiring for a full account of the relics. Near by one has only to stoop to pick up bullets stuck in the red sides of the earthwork; they pierced it so forcibly and copiously beneath the surface as to be merely now laid bare by the wearing away of the ground.

Other relics—remnants of felt, leather, metal, broken and rusted bits of arms, accoutrements and equipments—are frequently seen in walking over the woods through which the lines mostly pass.

The McCool house is a general rendezvous for these farmers. A visiting squad from Washington is sure to draw them to the yard to see the newcomers and furnish them with pointers as true on the scene of hospitality. As many as fifty distinguished guests have been accommodated at one time to luncheon on the owner's back porch.

Always the same.

Briggs—Isn't that the same suit you had last year?

Griggs—Yes; and it's the same suit that you asked me last year if it wasn't the same suit that I had the year before—Truth.

There is a full page, half-toned engraving of Gen. James G. Blaine in "Life of Benjamin Harrison" which The Herald is offering free for new subscribers. Order at once.

WORD TO THE WISE

Is Not Sufficient in These Degenerate Days.

BEN RANKLIN'S MAXIMS

Reviewed in the Clouds of Perique Tobacco Smoke—"Hustle" Overcomes "Patience."

It may have been my own nervousness I visited the morgue that day and uncovered a face which looked up at me with open eyes. Dead eyes are awful things. Then, too, I had smoked, smoked, smoked cigar after cigar and some pipefuls of Perique while I read an oriental tale full



A BIG BLACK BIRD FLUTTERED AGAINST THE CHURCH WINDOW.

weird suggestion. It may have been my own nervousness, I say, but it seemed to me that the night itself was unusually oo-o-o-o-some.

At the corner of Park row and Spruce street I stopped suddenly. Everything stopped suddenly—my heart and all. I could have sworn I saw Franklin's statue move. Nonsense! Can a bronze man move? It must have been the shadows of a swinging lamp playing across it. My heart began going again—going thump, thump, thump, and the blood went plash, plash, plash through the strained arteries of my neck, close to my throbbing ears. I tried to smile, it seemed so ridiculous to be startled by a mere—

It did move. It moved again. It raised an arm and beckoned to me. There was a gug-gug-gugling sound, as of a dumb man trying to speak. My hair prickled my head, and dreadful things with cold feet and hot breath raced up and down my spine. I could not have run to save my life—nor to save my soul.

Presently the struggling voice gained control of itself and said to me:

"Young man, come here."

I tried to speak, but could not find my voice. I thought of the nightmare I had had that time when I dreamed I swallowed my voice, and I wondered if I should wake up from this as I had from that.

At last I managed to say: "Who are you?" and the words sounded as if they came from somebody else.

"I am Franklin, Benjamin Franklin," said the statue; "will you help me? I want to get down."

By this time the statue was moving freely, turning its head to this side and that, looking for the best way to descend from the pedestal.

"I trust," said "that you will not mistake my hesitation for want of respect or for unwillingness to befriend you. But, sir, this is a very unusual situation—I may say an unprecedented situation—and I must take time to consider it in all its bearings."

"Take your time, my young friend," said he. "I will wait. He that can have patience can have what he will."

"I know you used to say so, doctor, and it may have been true then," I answered, "but the world has grown and changed since you made your maxims. People nowadays don't have patience. They get out and hustle, and if a thing doesn't pan out well at the first, they organize a stock company and dump the whole concern upon somebody else. Patience! I tell



EVERYTHING STOPPED—MY HEART AND ALL.

you, doctor, it doesn't pay. Patience holds the bag while Hustle eats the quail. Patience is a gillie with the loud pedal on—emphatically a gillie. Times have changed, doctor. You remember when you bought that whistle?

"I do," said he, "and I paid dearly for it."

"Yes," said I, "and then you fooled away a good business opportunity. Now, a man of to-day, having found that he has paid too dearly for his whistle, sells it a little and buys for \$2,000,000 and lets his friends in on the ground floor for another \$2,000,000."

"But that is not honest," said Dr. Franklin.

"Certainly not, Benjamin, certainly not," I said. "You've knocked the spot out of your maxim about honesty being the best policy. They've found

that as a matter of policy the dishonesty which just escapes the penitentiary is the thing. Some of them go a little further, because they are rich enough to pay attorneys by the year and keep them in Washington half the time."

"I see, I see," said Dr. Franklin, with a knowing wink; "a word to the wise is enough."

"Not in these days, doctor. That may have been a very good maxim in your time; a word might have been enough then, but nowadays the wise require a bond and real estate security. A few of your maxims, however, hold good to-day. For example, you said time is the stuff life is made of. So it is. Everything is there, everybody wants time; nobody pays cash."

"You mean everybody goes into debt?" he asked.

"Precisely."

"But lying, as I once said, rides upon debt's back."

"I know it. That's why so many people have debts. They can carry their truth all night in their vest pockets, but they have to have a beast of burden for their lies to ride on. This is a fast age, doctor. Old Veracity can limp along on foot, but lying must have something to ride on; and it does, and it gets there, right at the head of the procession."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "but covetousness, as I used to say, is ever attended with solicitude and anxiety."

"I know you used to say so, but you would change your mind if you should go about a little on earth to-day. Covetousness is attended by two footmen and a valet in these times. It is the other fellow who is attended with solicitude and anxiety. The fact is, doctor, things have turned pretty nearly upside down since you made your maxims. It is by industry we thrive, but not by the kind of industry you had in mind."

"I still maintain that he that hath a trade hath an estate."

"Nonsense, doctor! He that hath a trade hath a walking delegate over him. It is the walking delegate that hath the state."

"But is it not true, as I have said, that at the workman's house hunger looks in, but does not enter?"

"No; hunger has a new trick of late. It hides around till the workman goes on strike, and then it kicks down the front door and eats everything in the house."

"Can it be," said the old philosopher, sadly, "that all my observation and advice have come to naught?"

"Oh, no; not so bad as that," I said. "A few of your maxims continue to be



YOUNG MAN, LEND ME A HAND.

heeded. For instance, you said: 'God helps them that help themselves.'"

"That seemed to be an eternal truth," said he.

"So it is. And it still influences human action. Almost everybody is helping himself, either solely toward helping himself. Only the other day a man at the bridge entrance anonymously and without ostentation helped himself to my watch. I think, perhaps, a little modification of your maxim would make it more comprehensive and more fitting to these times."

"How would you have it read?"

"God and the courts of justice help them that help themselves."

"Isn't that too long for a maxim?"

"Well, then, suppose you strike out 'God.'"

"Do any more of my maxims hold good to-day?" he asked.

"None that I think of just now. The fact is, doctor, nearly all of them have fallen into innocuous desuetude."

"Into what?"

"Into the soup. For example, you said: 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.' But in these days, when nearly everybody is either a burglar or a burglee, hardly anybody can afford to go to bed early; and as for early rising, if you should start here at sunrise you would see among the early risers few besides those shivering, red-nosed, impudic creatures who have slept in the park because they couldn't raise the price of a bed. Moreover, the doctors tell us that in the early morning the air is full of miasma. And as for wisdom, you yourself acquired much of yours by serving up half of the night studying Cervantes' maxims."

"Then there is your saying: 'Diligence is the mother of good luck.' Why, diligence is not even a distant relation nowadays. They just give the lucky a share in the winnings and he pulls the horse. The lady on the silver dollar is the mother of most of the good luck in these times."

"Then you say: 'Three removes is as bad as a fire.' But, bless you, there are plenty of men whose ear ring right along by removing every time it falls due."

"Also you say: 'He that lives upon hope will die fasting.' But he won't. He will content the will and get a compromise slice of the estate."

"You say, too, that: 'There can keep a secret if two of them are dead of course much depends on which two are dead, but in any case you can usually rely upon the other one to run off and tell it to a reporter in the hope of seeing his name in print.'"

The flesh that faded from the doctor's face, the light in his eyes went out, and—if you don't believe this story there stands the statue and you can see it for yourself.

WILLIS R. HAWKINS.

The frontispiece in "Life of Benjamin Harrison" is a limited engraving of President Harrison himself. The book is a good one. Order at once.

STUDY OF THE HOUR

Promises of the Political Field in New York.

REPUBLICANS ARE STRONG

Confident of Victory—Democrats Divided on Party Issues—Failure of the Newspaper Corruption Fund.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—The scenes at the Republican headquarters are inspiring. The crowds of people who come and go, the presence of such men as Senator Platt, Whitelaw Reid, Warner Miller, General Clarkson, ex-Senator Spooner and others who have contributed to Republican success in the past show how thoroughly the Republicans are united and how earnest they are in this early stage of the campaign for success.

Scenes About the City.

Walk about the city and you are more impressed than ever with the contrast between the condition of the Republicans and the Democrats. Republican banners float to the breeze everywhere. On aristocratic Fifth avenue you find Harrison and Reid banners, and in the less pretentious streets and narrow passageways of the city those names spring up again and again, as if by magic. Look down the streets as you pass and you are impressed with the holiday appearance caused by the prevalence of banners and flags. And the larger proportion of these which bear the names "Harrison and Reid," shows the advantage which the Republicans have in the matter of activity.

A Democratic Banker's Views.

An official of one of the largest banks of New York city, speaking of this subject said: "Nothing has impressed me more strongly than the contrast between the course of the two parties in this particular. Democrats don't vote, to be sure, but they indicate a great deal in the evidence of enthusiasm in the parties they represent."

"How do you find the business people feeling on this subject?" I asked. I confess that I was not a little interested in his reply, for he is a Democrat and I was curious to see how a Democrat who is brought into close contact with the great business element of New York felt the situation.

Business Men Expect Republican Success.

"The business people," he answered, "apparently expect the Republicans to succeed. I notice that the Democrats in the business world take very little interest in the campaign. Even those who make professions of a belief in Democratic success when they are concerned admit that they have little confidence in the result. All the people who are willing to bet on the result are on the Republican side. Democrats who talk about betting on Cleveland back down if they are pushed into the corner."

Prosperity the Cause of Democratic Apathy.

I was curious to know what was the real cause of this apparent apathy on the part of the Democrats. An investigation shows that it grew largely out of the tariff situation. Careful inquiries into the condition of the manufacturing industries of New York state show that they are flourishing as they have never flourished before. And their prosperity is attributed to the tariff system which Mr. Cleveland and his followers are pledged to destroy. Investigations into the condition of the various manufacturing interests have shown this to be the fact. The clothing manufacturers, the glove makers, the cutlery manufacturers, the pearl button factories, the great shirt and collar manufacturing establishments of Troy, the iron and steel industries, the tin plate manufacturers, the clothing manufacturers and dealers and many other industries of this character report increased production, increased wages, increased profits and reduced prices to the public for goods they manufacture.

The exporters report improved markets and better prices for American production, both in Europe and in Central and South America. The most striking argument, however, in favor of the McKinley law comes from the Democratic commissioner of labor, Peck, who reports increased wages for more than a quarter of a million workmen, amounting to over \$8,000,000 under the first year of the McKinley law, and over \$30,000,000 increase of manufactures.

Harmonious Republicans.

Another extremely encouraging feature of the situation to the Republicans is the thorough harmony in Republican ranks and the thorough lack of that article in Democratic ranks. The conference at the residence of Whitelaw Reid, the Republican candidate for vice president, in which Senator Platt, General Clarkson, Warner Miller and others met the president with great cordiality, shows that the New York Republicans are thoroughly united and thoroughly in line for Republican success. On the other hand, the apparent lack of harmony on the Democratic side causes great depression among the leaders and in the rank and file of that party.

Democrats All at Sea.

The Democrats are all at sea as to what their course will be. The Cleveland element has evidently lost hope of success in New York state and has little expectation of carrying Connecticut or any of the New England states. The New York Sun (Democratic) admits that even New Jersey is a doubtful state, and that it is not improbable that the Republicans may win there.

The talk of carrying certain western states for the Democrats fails to arouse any enthusiasm here. The Sun presently denounces the attempt as "rainbow chasing" and a mere waste of time and money.

The Newspaper Fund a Failure.

That the Democrats of the country take no stock in the proposition is shown by the failure of the effort of a hundred Democratic newspapers to raise a corruption fund for this purpose. It is now nearly a month since this proposition

was put on its feet and the country was appealed to for subscriptions. More than a hundred daily papers have lent their plausive appeals to the chorus of demands, but without success. The subscriptions which come in are of the ten cent order, and the total amount raised, aside from the subscription of the newspapers which are "working" this scheme for their own advertisement, amount to only about \$10,000.

Senator Platt Hard at Work for Harrison.

Senator Platt has done what everybody who knew him expected. He has taken off his coat and gone vigorously to work for Republican success. He speaks out frankly. He says that while he did not desire the nomination of Mr. Harrison, he recognizes him as an able, pure and fearless leader, one on whom the party can fully rely. As a Republican Mr. Platt says he has never had any thought of refusing his active support to the nominee of the Republican party.

President Harrison's Letter of Acceptance.

Nothing that has appeared since the campaign opened has attracted more attention than President Harrison's letter of acceptance. It has proven a most telling document, and one which it is felt must prove extremely valuable to the party. His clear statement of the benefits to manufacturers and workingmen already felt under the McKinley law, produces marked effect, while his showing of the growth of our foreign commerce under reciprocity is equally convincing. His commendation of Mr. Blaine in the good work he performed while a member of the cabinet, both as to reciprocity and otherwise, is very gratifying to the admirers of that great man. One important service that the letter has performed is to bring to the public attention the dangers which threaten the business public in a return to the old state banking system, as proposed by the Democratic platform. The proposition for a commission to consider elections and apportionment methods takes away from the Democrats the scarecrow of "force bill," and shows that neither the Republican party nor its leader want anything more than fair treatment for all sections and all citizens.

The Sick-Sick-Cleveland Fund.



—New York Commercial Advertiser.

There is not a thoughtful business man in the country who does not know that the enactment into law of the declaration of the Chicago convention on the subject of the tariff would at once plunge the country into a business convulsion such as it has never seen, and there is not a thoughtful workman who does not know that it would at once enormously reduce the amount of work to be done in this country.—Harrison's Letter of Acceptance.

A Fearless Democrat.

That fearless Democrat, Hon. Charles F. Peck, appointed commissioner of labor in New York by Mr. Cleveland when the latter was governor, officially reports that the net increase in wages in New York state alone under the first year of the McKinley law was \$6,377,925, and that the net increase in the products of labor in the state were \$81,818,130. "My report shows that there were just 285,000 men in the state whose salaries were raised as a result of this tariff law," says Commissioner Peck. This is cheering news for free traders; it comes from good Democratic authority too.

Big Balance in Our Favor.

Balance of trade in our favor in the year just ended, \$302,856,477. No wonder that Salisbury and Bismarck admit frankly that our tariff system is better than theirs. No other country in the world can show such a magnificent balance. With most of them the balance is on the other side of the ledger.

Of Interest to the Soldiers.

The aggregate of votes cast in congress on the fourteen important pension bills which have exemplified the nation's gratitude to its defenders, stands:

Democratic votes for the bills..... 90

Democratic votes against the bills..... 50

Republican votes for the bills..... 137

Republican votes against the bills..... 2

It is not true that in procuring pensions there exists a widespread disregard of truth and good faith; the race after these pensions would stimulate weakness and pretended incapacity and put a premium on dishonesty and mendacity.—Grover Cleveland in veto of Dependent Pensions Bill.

Small Price for a Good Government.

The tariff collections of the past year were but \$6.57 per capita—not such a tremendous price to pay for the best government on earth. The per capita of tariff collected has not been so low since the war forced a great debt and interest account upon the people.

The tin plate production of the first full year under the McKinley law was nearly 20,000,000 pounds. In the last year of the old law the production was 6. This information is from sworn statements of manufacturers.

Let Them Go to the Soldiers' Homes.

The soldiers in their pay and bounty received such compensation as never before received by soldiers. The really needy have been to a large extent provided for at soldiers' homes.—Grover Cleveland.

There is a full page, half-toned engraving of Ben. James G. Blaine in "Life of Benjamin Harrison" which The Herald is offering free for new subscribers. Order at once.

BRIGHT AS A STAR

Canada Proud of Her Brilliant Young Writers.

SARAH J. DUNCAN AS A NOVELIST

Countess Noralkow, Frances Harrison, Sophie Hensley and Sarah Curzon Well Known Journalists.

Of none of her daughters is Canada more justly proud than of those who have made names for themselves in the literary and journalistic world.



SARAH JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

"With what do you mix your paint?" was once asked of a famous painter. "With brains," was the truthful if rather conceited reply. And with brains and perseverance these young Canadian writers have carved themselves niches in the temple of fame.

Perhaps one of the best known is Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan, the author of "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London." The former, it will be remembered, is a clever and most amusing account of the very unconventional trip around the world taken by two girls alone.

Sarah Jeannette Duncan is the daughter of a prominent merchant of Brantford, Ont., and was born in that city in a pleasant, old fashioned house surrounded by trees. As a child she was an insatiable and omnivorous reader of every book and magazine she could obtain. From her Irish mother she inherited both wit and brilliancy and a keen sense of humor.

Her first venture in the journalistic field was a series of letters descriptive



THE COUNTESS NORALKOW.

of the cotton centennial in New Orleans, written for the Toronto Globe, the Memphis Appeal, etc. After this she became a member of the editorial staff of the Washington Post, but later returned to the Toronto Globe, where she wrote under the nom de plume of Garth Grafton, and some time later she became attached to the Montreal Star.